

### On and Off the Stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, remembered by most of us in the performances of the Waldrof and McVay companies made their initial appearance at the Orpheum on Wednesday night. Their efforts were clever and well appreciated by their hearers.

Augustus Pitou will bring out a new naval drama this coming season, entitled "The Gunner's Mate" by H. J. Gallagher, formerly of the United States navy.

T. Daniel Frawley so well and cordially remembered in Honolulu has broken all records in Washington with his stock company. Miss Bates is again with him and is repeating her New York victories in conservative Washington.

Henry Irving's re-appearance in America will be at the Knickerbocker theater, New York, next October when "Robespierre," Sardou's newest play will be the opening bill.

An Australian contemporary complains that America sends over nothing but "Nigger Shows." By all reports however Australians seemed inclined to patronize the colored minstrels in hearty fashion.

### The Orpheum.

Under its new management the Orpheum still keeps up its popularity. The cake walk has proved a great drawing card. Post and Marion are very happy in their sketches. Frank Barton remains a popular card. Glorine added some spectacular features to her dances on Tuesday night that were a great success. The new comers, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, were warmly welcomed. May Ashley and the Hartwell sisters are always favorites. Mr. W. D. Adams is managing the front of the house for Mr. Cohen, while Jim Post retains his control of the stage.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-six men were aboard the transport "Sheridan" en route to Manila this week. Uncle Sam's 4th of July and "1776" are wonderfully suggestive of that first 4th of July, A. D. 1776, during the darksome days of the Revolutionary War, and if the superstitious fad for coincidences amounts to anything in the minds of patriotic Americans, the "boys" of the Sheridan should carry the Spirit of '76 into the Philippines with the old-time zest and vigor of our great-great-grandfathers.

A coincidence of striking historical interest to Honolulu, brought the famous fighting Twenty-fourth United States Infantry (colored) to our shores on July 1st, the day of the first anniversary of the battle of Santiago. It is doubly important too, that the Twenty-fourth should celebrate in Hawaii, the newest of Uncle Sam's colonial possessions, the anniversary which proclaimed this colored regiment, the regiment "par excellence" of Shafter's assaulting column. The Twenty-fourth bore the brunt of the assault at El Caney and San Juan Hill, and probably lost more officers and men than any other regiment participating in the sanguinary charges which resulted in the planting of the American standards

over the Spanish trenches. The President, recognizing the true worth and gallantry of the Twenty-fourth as a whole, promptly promoted five of its colored sergeants to lieutenantcies in the immune regiments. Of the 800 men which originally comprised the regiment when it left garrison for the field, less than 300 returned to Fort Douglas, Utah, and not more than seventy of the original regiment were aboard the "Zealandia."

The artistic work of Mr. and Mrs. Boggs on their opening evening at the Orpheum met with the highest commendation. The management is to be applauded in their efforts to give the public this latest phase of high class vaudeville. Such well-known actors as McKee Rankin have been engaged by Eastern houses in similar sketches and the generous approbation of the Orpheum audiences show that they are fully alive to the dramatic and at the same time amusing powers of such skits as Man versus Woman.

A few miles from Ningpang-po, a town in Northern China, there is a large village composed exclusively of graves. The place is, as a matter of fact, a deserted burial-ground, and has been taken possession of by a numerous colony of beggars, thieves and outcasts of all descriptions, who eat, sleep and make merry in spite of their eerie environment, which—such is the influence of familiarity—never seems to enter their otherwise superstitious minds. There are several of these "towns among the tombs" in various parts of the Celestial Empire, but the one we have mentioned is the most extensive.

A pretty sight and one missed by most, everyone being up town waiting for the procession, was the entrance into the harbor, of the Argentine training ship on the morning of the Fourth. As she slowly swung in towards her mooring, with yards squared and everything in holiday shape, her trim lines and generally handsome appearance she made a picture that landmen as well as seagoers could appreciate.

With the first puff of smoke from her saluting guns up went her bunting simultaneously—the stars and stripes broke out on the breeze and in one instant the vessel was in gala attire in honor of the Fourth. The manoeuvre was smartly executed and the ship passed on to its anchorage firing the remainder of the salute.

Argentine Republic was first recognized as such by the Hawaiian port and it was an apt coincidence that the vessel should have so opportunely arrived on this, Hawaii's first celebration of the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, has lately returned from a trip to all the capitals of Europe, where he has talked with the important men of each country, from the Czar of Russia down. He has written a book with the "catchy" title of "The United States of Europe," in which he sums up the present political situation in the light of the Czar's Peace Rescript and forecasts the immediate future. He contrasts with great force this remarkable step on the part of Russia with America's change of policy and her acquisition of colonial possessions and military responsibilities. The views of the great statesmen of the Old World upon this subject are strikingly interesting, and the book is unusual in furnishing a complete and authoritative review of current international affairs, treating of America's task in the West Indies and Philippines, the "Chinese Puzzle," South African problems, the Fashoda muddle, the Concert of Europe and its work in Crete and Candia, and many other similar pertinent matters.

### Arbutus.

There's a gleam of spring in my dark old room,  
And a breath of spring in the air,  
I cannot write and I cannot think,  
So I fling down my pen in despair.  
For my truant heart is out in the woods  
Still damp from the melted snows,  
Where the sweet wild things of the shadow hide  
And the trailing arbutus grows.

I lay my head down on my folded arms  
And drowsily shut my eyes,  
My dark old room whirls lightly away  
And the din of the city dies;  
The long hard years of struggle and fret,  
Of hope and despair and pain,  
Slip from me silently one by one  
And I am a child again.

'Tis spring in the country, and on the hills,  
In the secret places of gloom,  
Where the thick, brown mosses cover the earth,  
The arbutus is all abloom—  
The children eager from school let out.  
Are off and away on its quest,  
Laden with baskets, sun-bonneted, tanned,  
And laughing with childish zest.

Dear little flowers in the cracked blue jar,  
We are homesick, you and I,  
We fain would be back in the dear old spot  
If but long enough to die.  
Children we are of the woods and fields,  
Comrades of the wild and the free,  
And the city with all its confusion and glare,  
Was never for such as we.

### Benediction.

The waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease  
To count the pebbles on their rosary;  
Over the scourged rocks a smile of peace  
Deepens the hushed expectancy.  
Each small, lost flower lifts her fragrant brow—  
Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy west;  
Day drops her anchor off the world—and now  
Awaits her shriving—all her ways confessed.  
The patriarchal mountains stand apart,  
Far hills are kneeling—birds arrest their flight—  
Then the real Presence crowds all nature's heart,  
And benediction falls with night.

### Newly married.

"Dearest," she said, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, "will you have a slice of bacon?"

He would, as he had been married only a week, and would have accepted a slice of sandstone or papyrus from her hands with equal willingness.

"I thought," he said, as with difficulty he removed his eyes from the dainty morning jacket, surmounted by her lovely face, to the sordid bacon, "you said you would have some of those meat-balls I like so well for breakfast."

The lovely eyes filled with tears.

"George," she said, with rising indignation subduing her grief, "it was that horrid, mean butcher's fault, and I want him never, never to dare to expect my patronage again."

"Never mind, dear," he said, "it doesn't matter. Forgot to send the meat, did he?"

"No, he sent the meat, but not what I ordered. After I had planned having this nice dish for you this morning; after I had taken the pains to go in person and explain carefully to him the kind I wanted; and after I was so happy at the thought how you would enjoy the meat-balls, to have my whole pleasure spoiled by that detestable butcher's mistake almost breaks my heart."

More tears.

He went round the table and comforted her.

"I ordered," she sobbed, "some round steaks to make the balls with, and, George, the ones he sent were—as—flat—as—your hand!"—*Tit Bits.*